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OF PLAYS

LANTY'S LUCK:
OR, FALSELY ACCUSED.



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LANTY'S LUCK

OR, FALSELY ACCUSED

A DRAMA OF IRISH LIFE

IN THREE ACTS

By F. N. LAWRENCE

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1897

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LANTY'S LUCK.

CHARACTERS.

RICHARD LIVINGSTON, *a genteel scoundrel*.....Heavy.
GERALD VAUGHAN, *Claire's lover*.....Juvenile.
LANTY McNALLY, *a broth of a boy*.....Comedy Lead.
MURTY McNABB, *a tool of Livingston's*.....Character Heavy.
PAT FINNEGAN, *a son of the soil*.....Irish Comedy.
MRS. LIVINGSTON, *a young widow*.....Juvenile.
CLAIRE MORELAND, *her friend*.....Walking Lady.
ARTE O'CONNELL, *the sunbeam of Dunloe*.....Soubrette Lead.
OLD MEG MORGAN.....Old Woman.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. Drawing-Room at the Manor.
ACT II. SCENE I. Landscape.
SCENE II. The Fair-day at Dunloe.
ACT III. SCENE I. Old Meg's Hut.
" II. Landscape.
" III. The Gap at Dunloe. (Same as Scene II. Act II.)
" IV. Landscape.
" V. The Manor. (Same as Act I.)



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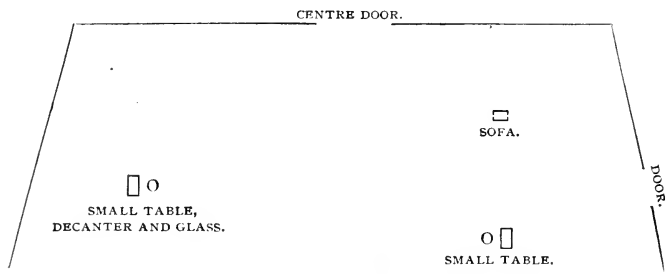
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LANTY'S LUCK.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Centre door, fancy. Handsome furniture. Table with decanter and glasses, R. Sofa up L. Table L. Chairs R. and L.*



CLAIRE and GERALD discovered at rise, R. CLAIRE winding yarn from GERALD'S hands.

Claire. Keep quiet ; it's almost finished.

Gerald. I'm not at all sorry.

Claire. Perhaps my company is not agreeable.

Gerald (*starts toward her*). Ah, Claire, my—

Claire. Look out ! You'll tangle the yarn.

Gerald. Claire, I'll leave it to your own judgment, is it fair to keep me sitting here for three-quarters of an hour holding this confounded yarn till my back feels like an accordeon that won't shut up ?

Claire. Ha, ha ! There, it's all done now ; and when in after years you behold my handiwork with this worsted you can claim a participation in its manufacture.

Gerald (*bus.*). And an interest in the manufacturer ?

Claire. Well, I'm not so sure at present, but I think so if——

Gerald. If what?

Claire (*laughs*). If I say so.

Gerald. Claire, I'm not at all afraid of your not saying the word, for we have been so much to each other that I cannot imagine that we should ever part; but tell me, Claire, how is it you don't go out of late? Why, a few months ago you were always to be seen out on the highway with your bay charger.

Claire. Well, you know, Gerald, that Alice Montague and I were old school-mates. When she married George Livingston she came here to Livingston Manor to live, but when her husband died she wrote me and asked me to come and spend a few months with her. So I came, and, together with Arte O'Connell, have passed the time most pleasantly. All went well until, a few weeks ago, her husband's brother, Richard Livingston, came here; and now it really seems as if a blight has fallen on everything.

Gerald. He's not in love, is he?

Claire. With me? No.

Gerald. No, no! Not with you—with his brother's widow?

Claire. I can't say. But it don't make any difference whether he is or not, she despises him.

Gerald. Then why does she tolerate his presence here?

Claire. Because she can't help it. He literally defies all attempts to get rid of him and totally ignores the gentle hints she gives him as regards her desire to be alone.

Gerald. He evidently believes in persistency.

Claire. Persistency? He believes in staying here till he's good and ready to go.

Gerald. There, don't get angry—all will turn out well at last.

Enter MRS. LIVINGSTON, L. 2 E.

Mrs. L. Ah, Claire, I've been looking for you. Have you seen Arte?

Claire. Not since morning.

Gerald. Good-morning, Mrs. Livingston. Claire and I——

Claire (*bus*). Don't tell state secrets. Alice, we've been winding yarn.

Gerald (*aside to CLAIRE*). That's what I was going to say.

Mrs. L. There, don't mind me, Claire. I know something.

Claire. What do you know?

Mrs. L. Well, Mr. Vaughan don't hate you.

Gerald (*aside*). Egad, she's right there.

Claire. Of course he don't hate me; but, Alice dear, Mr. Vaughan and I are going out for a walk in the grounds. You won't be lonesome?

Mrs. L. No, Claire. Take good care of her, Mr. Vaughan.
Gerald. Oh, I'll take good care of her, never fear.

[**Exeunt** GERALD and CLAIRE, C.]

Mrs. L. (*looking after them*). Happy as the day is long. (*Coming down L.*) I declare, if it were not for Claire Moreland and Arte O'Connell, I would indeed be miserable. Poor Arte, she's in love, too, and with Lanty McNally. Well, Lanty is a good fellow, and Arte thinks him the best in all Dunloe.

Enter RICHARD LIVINGSTON, C. D.

Richard (*coming down R.*). Ah, sister, good-morning. I just saw your little protégé, Arte O'Connell, fishing in the lake. Still unhappy?

Mrs. L. How could I be otherwise?

Richard. Of course you naturally would feel down-hearted for a while, but there is no necessity for your whole future life being miserable because Providence has seen fit to take from——

Mrs. L. Mr. Livingston, the subject you are about to broach is one that is more than painful to me, and I request you to refrain from all reference to it for my sake.

Richard. As you say, sister. Have you decided to take my advice in regard to the diamond brooch I spoke to you about?

Mrs. L. Do you think it advisable that I should have the stones reset?

Richard. Did you not say that several of them were loose?

Mrs. L. Yes, one of them fell out in my hand the last time I opened the case.

Richard. Then by all means have it done, and at once. I spoke to Squire Carroll, and he kindly offered to take them to Dublin with him to-night, if you would send them over to him.

Mrs. L. Then I will get them now. (*Going L.*) You are very kind to interest yourself so much in me.

Richard. Were you not my only brother's wife? (**Exit** MRS. L., R. 2 E.) Yes, curse him! You were his wife, and to you he has left his entire fortune and estate. But I will have my share, cost what it may. I just saw Arte O'Connell down at the lake, just as lovely as ever. Arte O'Connell, I have made up my mind to marry you, and I'll do it, if I have to kill that vagabond Lanty McNally, who is the present recipient of your affections. I've a plan on foot now that will considerably lower him in the eyes of his admirers. (*Looks at watch.*) Time Murty McNabb was here.

[*Sits at table R.*]

Enter MURTY McNABB, C.

Richard. Got here at last, eh?

Murty. Yes, sor.

Richard. And you would like to earn fifty pounds ?

Murty. Try me, sor.

Richard. You're not particularly fond of McNally, are you ?

Murty. Lanty McNally, is it ? Sure and I'm not. Hasn't he thrashed me every week regular ever since we were boys ?

Richard. I'll give you a chance to be revenged.

Murty. You will ? What is it ?

Richard. My sister-in-law will bring a jewel case here in a short time. I will place it on that table (*indicating R.*), and you will come in by that door in exactly half an hour and deliver this letter to me (*gives letter*) as a sort of blind. While I pretend to read it, you will go over behind that table, and while I stand in front of the table so no one can see you, you open the case, take out the jewels, and close the case ; then I will give the case to Lanty McNally to deliver. When it is discovered that the case is empty, he will be charged with the theft. You understand ?

Murty. I do. And a fine chance it is, Lanty McNally, to get even wid yer. But how about the fifty pounds ?

Richard. You will conceal the diamonds about you and meet me at the Gap of Dunloe at nine to-night. Give it to me and I will give you the money.

Murty. Very well. I'll be back in half an hour and do as you tell me ; and at nine to-night I'll be at the Gap of Dunloe. So, so, Lanty McNally, ye'll see that Murty McNabb is able to be even wid yer. [Exit C.

Richard. So all works well. The diamonds will bring me at least a thousand pounds, and no doubt open my pathway to the affections of Arte O'Connell. [Down R.

Enter GERALD and CLAIRE, C.

Claire. Gerald, you are just too—— (*Sees RICHARD.*) Ah, Mr. Livingston, I did not see you at first.

Richard. Good-day, Miss Moreland. By the way, are you quite recovered from your runaway accident ?

Gerald. Runaway accident ! Why, Claire, you never told me anything about it.

Claire. There, the cat's out of the bag now, Gerald. I didn't mean to say anything about it, inasmuch as it all ended without any serious consequences.

Gerald. Tell me, when did it happen ?

Claire. I was out riding about a week ago, when my horse took fright and broke into a run. I lost all control, and in the excitement dropped the bridle and was being carried down the road at a terrific rate, when all of a sudden I saw a fellow running across the fields who headed the horse off. Just at the

brink of the chasm he seized the bridle, and after stopping the horse, gently lifted me to the ground.

Gerald. Well——

Claire. When he had done this, I was about to thank him, but he stopped me immediately and said, "I've no time to be thanked ; I've got to rub me arm."

Gerald. Ha, ha ! and the fellow was——

Claire. Lanty McNally.

Gerald. I hope his arm is not injured. I believe I have heard Arte speak of him.

Claire. Oh, yes, you will see him about the manor quite often ; he assists our gardener, Pat Finnegan.

Enter MRS. LIVINGSTON, L. 2 E.

Mrs. Livingston (*to* RICHARD). I have laid the jewels out on my secretary and will bring them to you as soon as you desire. Do you intend to take them yourself?

Richard. No, I have some important business that will take me in an opposite direction. I told Finnegan, the gardener, to send Lanty McNally to me. I shall send them by him.

[GERALD, R. ; CLAIRE, R. C. ; MRS. L., L. C. ;
RICHARD, L.

Pat (*outside*). Hold on there, it's a whale ye have, sure.

Arte. No, Pat, it's not a whale, it's a shark.

Enter PAT *and* ARTE *with fish-pole and fish*, C. D.

Arte. Stand back, Pat Finnegan, or I'll scale the fish with your nose.

Mrs. L. Pat, you've met your match at last.

Pat. That's what I do be thinking meself, Mrs. Livingston. Arte was fishing in the trout pond, and I says, says I, "Arte O'Connell, where's Lanty." "How do I know?" says she ; "go away ; ye'll scare the fish." "You mustn't fish there," says I. "Mind yer own business, Pat Finnegan." says she. And with that she got a bite, and near fell in the pond. I jumped to catch her, when she jerked the line, and the fish on the end of it slapped me square in the eye.

Arte. Serves ye right. Ye'd no business interfering with the sport of a lady, Pat Finnegan. [*All laugh.*]

Gerald. No, Pat, never interfere with the sport of a lady, especially if that lady happens to be Arte O'Connell, the Sunbeam of Dunloe.

Pat. The Sunbeam of Dunloe, is it ? Then it's sunburnt I am.

Arte. Never mind, Pat ; let's shake hands and be friends.

Pat. Friends, is it ? Sure and it's meself that's proud to be friends wid yer, Arte. Ye're the sweetest morsel of humanity

we have in all these parts, and it will be a proud day for Lanty McNally when he leads yer to Father Casey to become Mrs. Lanty.

Richard (*aside*). Which will never happen if I can have my way.

Arte. Ah, Pat, it's blarney ye're giving me.

Pat. Divil a bit ! Faith and ye know he loves ye.

Arte. Well, and what of it ?

Mrs. L. Nothing of it, Arte. Lanty's a good fellow, and you're a treasure ; but I can't think of losing you yet.

Arte. Sure, Mrs. Livingston, I'll not leave yet. Lanty can wait awhile for me, but ye don't mind me fishing in the trout pond do yer ?

Mrs. L. No, Arte, you are at perfect liberty to do just as you please.

Richard. Sister, if you will get that jewel case, I'll endeavor to have it delivered to Squire Carroll.

Mrs. L. Very well. Will you accompany me ? [*Goes L.*

Richard. Certainly. (**Mrs. L. exit L. 2 E. *Aside.***) But I'll return very shortly and have a quiet chat with—— [*Bus.*

[**Exit L. 2 E.**

Arte. Pat, when ye go out will ye take my fish-pole with yer ?

Pat. To be course I will. I'll do anything for you, and well you know it, you——

Arte. Go long wid yer blarney, Pat Finnegan. Have ye no sense ?

Pat. Sense is it ? Sure, and I have lots of it.

[**Exit C., with fish and pole.**

Claire (*crosses to L. C.*). So, Arte, you and Lanty are going to be married, eh ?

Arte. Well, he hasn't axed me yet.

Claire. But you think he will ?

Arte. Think, is it ? Faith and I *know* it.

Gerald. You're pretty sure, eh ? Well, I'm sure you have my best wishes.

Arte. Yes, it's all right, if Father Casey will give his consent.

Gerald. His consent ?

Arte. Yes ; he says I can't marry Lanty till he swears off from drinking and goes to work steady for some one.

Claire. Lanty work steady ? Why, that's almost impossible. If he went to work for one person what would all the others do that depend on him for their odd jobs. Lanty's a very useful boy, but what about his drinking ?

Arte. Well, he promised Father Casey last week he'd drink only a thimble-full a day, and he told me day before yesterday he was keeping his promise to the letter.

Gerald. Let us hope that he will. Claire, shall we continue our walk?

Claire. Yes, for a short time; but I must return in time to go to the Gap this afternoon; there's to be a sort of county fair and dance on the green. You'll be there of course, Arte?

Arte. Did ye ever know Lanty to miss a dance? Faith, and ain't he sure to take me wid him.

Claire (*laughing*). Lanty's a good boy, Arte. I'm quite ready, Gerald.

[**Exeunt** GERALD and CLAIRE, C. D.]

Arte (*looking after them*). There they go as sweet as honey. I wonder does Lanty love me as much as that? Oh, well, it's no use thinking about it; if he don't, I'll die an old maid. (**Enter** RICHARD, L. 2 E.) Faith, and there's the devil.

Richard (*aside*). Now is my opportunity. (*Aloud.*) Miss O'Connell?

Arte. "Miss O'Connell!" What is it?

Richard. You seem lonely about here with no one to talk to.

Arte. No one is better than some people I know.

Richard. I hope I'm not one of that kind.

Arte. Well, I haven't made up my list yet.

Richard (*coming close*). When you do, don't put my name on it, will you?

Arte (*breaking away*). I can stand up alone, if ye please.

Richard. Miss O'Connell, I've watched you very closely since I've been here, and I want to say something to you now, it's the first opportunity I've had.

Arte. Well, say it quick; I've no time to waste.

Richard (*bus.*). Arte.

Arte. Miss O'Connell, please your honor.

Richard. Miss O'Connell, I love you.

Arte. You do, do you?

Richard. Yes, and I want you to marry me.

Arte. Ye don't want much——

Richard. And I'll take you to Dublin and make a lady of you.

Arte. A lady of me? Why don't you make a gentleman of yourself?

Richard (*aside*). Confound her! (*Aloud.*) You don't understand me. I wish to say that the means at my command will give you a place in the society of the city.

Arte. The society of the city—faith, and what's that! A lot of people in brick houses with a deaf ear to the poor and a blind eye to the people in trouble? No, Mr. Livingston, I'll stay here in the country, where there's an open heart for the poor and needy, a strong arm to defend the weak, and you can have the city all to yourself.

[*Retires up C.*]

Richard. Confound her! I'll win her yet. Lanty McNally once in jail and she'll change her tune, I warrant. *[Exit L. 2 E.]*

Arte (*coming down*). Sure, he's gone now, I guess he'll come no more of his didos over me. (*LANTY heard outside.*) Sure and here comes Lanty. I'll pretend I'm asleep.

[Lies down on sofa, L.]

Enter LANTY, C. D.

Lanty. I wonder what they want of me here. I suppose the pump is broke or the potatoes won't grow. Ah, look at that now. Sure, and I promised Father Casey I'd only drink a thimble-full of whiskey every day to keep me nerves in order. I just bought one—begorra, it's a tailor's thimble. (*Bus.*) It has no bottom in it. (*Drinks.*) Sure, and if he asks me, I can tell him the thimble was nowhere's near full, and devil a lie will it be, either. (*Sees ARTE.*) Ah, there's Arte, Arte! Arte! She's asleep and dreaming of me. Begorra, it's a nightmare she'll have if she don't look out. Arte! Wake up, yer blackguard. I wonder have she been drinking? I'll steal a kiss while she's asleep. (*Bus.*) I'll fill the thimble a little nearer the top first. (*Bus.*) Is that some one coming? (*Bus.*) Ah, how the devil did ye get turned around—that must be good whisky. I'll get the kiss anyhow. (*Bus.*) I thought I heard some one coming. (*Bus.*) Ah, where are ye, anyhow?

Arte (*sitting up*). So you're there, are you?

Lanty. I'm nowhere else, am I?

Arte. Where have ye been for two days?

Lanty. I went to the races yesterday and rode Carroll's bay colt.

Arte. Did ye win the race?

Lanty. I did, but the horse didn't.

Arte. You did, but the horse didn't?

Lanty. He did.

Arte. You're talking nonsense.

Lanty. Begorra, I'm not. Ye see, there was three of us in it, and just as we got in the stretch, the squire's colt was a length and a half ahead when she stumbled and threw me clean over the wire, and the other two horses run in three lengths ahead of the colt; but I was the first one under the wire—I mean over the wire.

Arte. Ye'll break yer neck one of these fine days.

Lanty. I'll not do it but once, I tell you that.

Arte. Ye spoke the truth for once in your life.

[Starts to go.]

Lanty (*bus.*). Where are you going?

Arte. I'm going beyond—let me pass.

Lanty. Why don't ye go?

Arte. Don't be hindering me.

Lanty. Why don't ye go, I'm not holding ye.

Arte. Why don't ye let me go ?

Lanty. Because I'm that fond of ye I want ye to kiss me.

Arte. Didn't ye try it while I was asleep ?

Lanty. Oho ! Ye was awake, then ?

Arte. I want you to understand, Lanty, I'm not under any obligations to you, I can have me pick of the parish.

Lanty. I know ye can, but ye won't.

Arte. I might. There's Pat Clancy.

Lanty. Pat Clancy, the black-muzzled thief.

Arte. And Tim Flannegan.

Lanty. The red-headed blackguard.

Arte. And Mike Mulvaney.

Lanty. The knock-kneed villain. Sure, one of his legs is like sugar candy and the other licking it.

Arte. And Dan McLaughlin.

Lanty. He's bandy-legged and has but one eye. Arte, my darlint, don't be talking like that or ye'll break my heart. Yer know I love yer, and I want yer to be my wife ; and I'll make ye the happiest girl in all Dunloe.

Arte. I was only fooling with yer, Lanty. [*Bus.*

Lanty. Sure and it's blarney ye're giving me.

Arte. Blarney, is it ? And what's that ?

Lanty. Blarney is an Irish decoction brewed in the old Emerald Isle, sweeter than mountain dew ; and it's always delivered along with a kiss. [*Bus.*

Arte (*bus.*). I fooled ye that time, Lanty. [*Runs off* L. 2 E.

Lanty. Begorra, ye did. Well, well, I wonder what they want me about here. Where are they, anyhow ? Why don't some one come ? (**Enter** GERALD and CLAIRE, C. D.) Oh, the lady I near broke me knee for last week. [*Bows.*

Claire. Lanty, I'm delighted to see you. I want to introduce you to Mr. Vaughan.

Lanty. I'm pleased to meet ye, sir.

Gerald. I want to couple my thanks with Miss Moreland's for your timely rescue—

Lanty. There, there, don't say another word about it. The merry twinkle of her eye was all the thanks I wanted, and begorra, I got that.

Enter RICHARD and MRS. L., L. 2 E., *with jewel case* :
LANTY, R. ; CLAIRE, R. C. ; GERALD, C. ; RICHARD, L. C. ;
MRS. L., L.

Richard. You're here at last, eh ?

[*Crosses to R. ; CLAIRE and GERALD to L. C.*

Lanty. Yes, sir.

Mrs. L. You were not around yesterday?

Lanty. No, mam. I was down to the races to ride Squire Carroll's colt.

Claire. The races! I should dearly love to see a good race.

Enter ARTE, L. 2 E. LANTY and RICHARD, R.; GERALD and CLAIRE, L. C.; MRS. L., L.

Richard. Lanty, I want ye to take this case of jewels to Squire Carroll. [MRS. L. *shows jewels.*

Lanty. Sure, they're rale beauties. I will, sir.

[RICHARD *takes case and puts it on table, R.*

Enter MURTY, C. D.

Murty. A letter for you, sir.

[*Gives letter and crosses to R. of table R. Bus. of taking jewels out of case, while RICHARD reads letter.*

Richard. I beg your pardon, but this was very important business. Here, Lanty, be very careful of it. [*Gives case.*

Lanty. I will, sure. I'll take the short cut across the meadow, and be back in the twinkling of an eye. [Exit C. D.

Richard (*aside to MURTY*). Remember—at the Gap at nine to-night

Murty (*aside*). I'll be there. [*Going.*

Richard. Tell them I'll send an answer to this to-morrow.

Murty (*aside*). Sure and he's a foxy man. (*Aloud.*) I'll tell them, sir. Good-day to yez all. [Exit C. D.

Gerald. As we have considerable time before luncheon, Arte, won't you try the song you're to sing at the picnic this afternoon?

Mrs. L. Yes, Arte, do. [ARTE *sings.*

After song enter LANTY and PAT, C. D.

Lanty. Mr. Livingston, there was no jewels in the case.

Richard. No jewels?

Pat and Arte. What do you mean?

Lanty. I mean that when I got to the squire's he opened the case and it was empty.

Richard. The temptation was too great.

[RICHARD, R.; PAT, R. C.; LANTY and ARTE, C.; CLAIRE and GERALD, L. C.; MRS. H., L.

Lanty. What's that?

Richard. It's no use mincing matters, it's very clear that you stole those diamonds.

Lanty. It's a lie! [*Starts.*

Pat (*restraining him*). Hould hard, Lanty. Come, be a good boy, and give them back.

Richard. Oh, nonsense. He can't give them back.

Lanty. How do you know?

Richard. Well, it isn't likely you'd steal them for the purpose of giving them back. Pat, go for the constable, and we'll send him to jail.

Lanty. Jail!

Richard. Yes, jail; that's the place for all vagabonds. Go, Pat. [PAT starts.

Mrs. L. (*crosses to C.*). Stop, Pat. Mr. Livingston, those diamonds were mine, and I refuse to prosecute him.

Lanty. Oh, Mrs. Livingston, I thank you. [Bus.

Mrs. L. No, Lanty, I cannot take your hand. I will not prosecute you, but, under the circumstances, you must go and never come here again. [Crosses to L.

Pat (*bus.*). Lanty, I've known yer ever since ye were a little boy, and I always believed in your honesty; and if ye can come back some day with proofs of your innocence I'll have a warm welcome for yer. But till then I never want to see yer again,

Lanty. Mr. Gerald, ye've been a good friend to me, and I'll not forget yer. (*Business with ARTE.*) Good-bye. There's a mistake here somewhere (*bus.*), but I'll find it out, and some day I'll prove to yez all that Lanty McNally is no thief.

Arte (*breaking through*). Lanty! [Starts to go C.
[They embrace.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*Landscape in one.*

Enter MURTY *at rise from R.*

Murty. So I'm to give these pretty sparklers to Mr. Livingston for fifty pounds, and they're worth at least a thousand. I'll be there at nine to-night, but ye'll have to give more nor fifty pounds or ye'll not get them, Mr. Richard Livingston. (**Enter PAT, R. I E.**) Going down to the fair, Pat?

Pat. Of course I am. Sure, and it's yourself that's not liked by the girls anyhow. I don't suppose ye'll be there, will yer?

Murty. Of course I will (*aside*)—if it's only to see the col-leens keep away from Lanty McNally. Sure, it'll break his heart. (*Aloud.*) I suppose yer friend Lanty will be there.

Pat. I suppose so.

Murty. But no one will spake to him.

Pat. True for yer, Murty. Ah, sorry's the day ye stole the

diamonds, Lanty. Ye had a thousand friends yesterday ; ye haven't one to-day.

Murty (*half aside*). And it's meself that's glad.

Pat. What's that ?

Murty. I said it was too bad.

Pat. It's worse nor that, Murty, it's like a thunder-cloud come over the whole country. (**Enter ARTE, R. I E.** *Points to ARTE.*) And there's where the lightning struck the worst. And are ye going down to the fair, Arte ?

Arte. Yes, Pat, I'm going down to see the girls and may-be—

Pat. Maybe see Lanty, eh ? Ah, ye divil, sure he have one friend in you, anyhow. Arte, it's a pity to see so much beauty going alone. Is Pat Finnegan too old to be yer escort, for want of a better ?

Arte. No, Pat, ye're not too old ; but if Lanty's not with me, I'd rather go alone. [**Exit L. I E.**]

Pat. Have your own way, Arte, but I'll constitute meself yer body-guard, and the devil help the one that dare say a word to ye. Forward march ! [**Exit L. I E.**]

Murty. I'll follow them down to the Gap and tell all the girls not to spake to Lanty McNally, and not to speak to Arte O'Connell if she has anything to do with him. [**Exit L. I E.**]

Enter RICHARD LIVINGSTON, R. I E.

Richard. Hist ! Murty ! No, I'd better not be seen talking to him ; they might suspect something. Arte O'Connell is no nearer won than before. Confound that sister-in-law for a blundering fool ! Just as my plan was working well she refused to have him sent to jail. If I could only get him out of the way. Perhaps I can—offer him money. I'll try it. All's fair in love and war, and faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

[**Exit L. I E.** *Change to*

Scene II.—*The fair. A wood scene ; full stage. Table at R. with two chairs. Stand, with cakes, L. U. E., if possible. Maypole dance just breaking up, at rise.*

Enter PAT, followed by ARTE, L. U. E.

Pat (*at entrance*). Come along, Arte, darlin'. Bad 'cess to Murty, all the girls have been told not to spake to Lanty, while he stays round here. Sure they've caught sight of him, and see now—they're all scurrying off like a flock of pigeons.

Arte. They're all good girls, and I'll try and shake off this terrible feeling I have here and join in the dancing.

Pat. And I'll be yer partner for want of a better. Wasn't

Lanty McNally my cousin's boy? And when she died, didn't I bring him up? And if he's gone wrong, isn't it my duty to look after his widdy?

Arte. Not widdy, Pat.

Pat. Oh, to be course not. (**Enter** MEG, R. I E.) Oh, Meg! Come, Meg, tell our fortunes.

Meg. Ah, go long, Pat, it's yerself that has no need of a fortune.

Pat. Tell Arte's, then.

Meg (*taking ARTE'S hand*). Sure, ye have a dark cloud over ye, but by and by the sun will shine again for ye.

Arte. Meg, could ye tell me Lanty's?

Meg. Sure, and I can't. I haven't seen his star for a long while; but I'll look at it before night. Ye can come to me cabin to-night and I'll tell ye. (*Aside, crossing L.*) Sure, and I think Murty McNabb is mixed up in this diamond robbery. I'll see him and make him believe I know all, and make him share his profits with me.

Enter GERALD and CLAIRE, R. U. E.

Claire. Good-afternoon. (**ARTE** *curtseys*, **PAT** *retires up with GERALD*.) Arte, don't the girls miss some one—I mean Lanty?

Pat. Of course they do; but he's stole the diamonds, and none of them will speak to him if he comes here.

Claire. Not even you, Arte?

Arte. Miss Claire, Lanty knows I love him, and he knows I don't believe him guilty; but the girls won't speak to me, if I speak to him. But I know Lanty will be able to prove his innocence before long.

Pat (*coming down*). Sure, and here comes Lanty now. He have lots of cheek to show his face around here.

[*All talk aside, L.; enter* LANTY, R. U. E.]

Lanty (*coming down*). I wonder what the devil became of those diamonds. Good-day to ye, Meg. Here's me last sixpence—it's all I have.

Meg. Long life to ye, Lanty. It's a fine bye ye are, anyhow.

RICHARD enters L. U. E. and sits at table, R.

MURTY enters R. I E.

Murty. The top of the day to yer, Lanty.

Lanty. Go 'long wid yer, Murty McNabb. Ah, there's the girls. Hello! (*Bus.*) Ye won't spake to me? This is a strange world. A man can be president of a bank and steal a million dollars, and be sympathized with by the whole world because he's financially embarrassed; but let a poor boy be only sus-

picioned of stealing, and begorra he's the dirtiest blackguard that ever lived. Faith and there's Arte, too. Arte, have you gone back on me, too? (*Bus.*) Ah there was a good deal in that look. Sure, her poor little heart is breaking. What'll I do, anyhow? There's Murty McNabb, begorra, and it's glad he is because the girls won't speak to me. If I don't have some excitement soon, my heart will bust out of me breast and break on the ground. I must do something to keep my spirits up. I'll—I'll—I'll lick Murty.

Gerald. Lanty, don't go away; I wish to speak to you.

Lanty. I'll not go away, sir. I just want to wring the neck of that monkey.

Gerald. Lanty, you're deep enough in disgrace now.

Lanty. Sure, I'm near drowned in it. If I took those diamonds I wouldn't—ah, what's the use of telling ye I'm innocent? Ye wouldn't believe me.

Gerald. Lanty, you've always had a good name around here.

[*They talk.*]

Richard (*aside to MURTY*). Wait here till they go, I wish to speak to you.

Gerald. Lanty, the girls here have only their good names, and while the breath of shame hangs over you they don't feel justified in speaking to you or associating with you. You don't feel angry at them, do you?

Lanty. No, I don't feel angry at them, Mr. Vaughan; but of course it hurts me in here to have them turn agin me when I haven't done anything wrong.

Gerald. Yes, but appearances are against you, and if you'll take my advice, you'll not waste a minute talking to any one, but devote all your time to finding out what became of those diamonds.

Murty (*aside*). Ye'll never find them, though.

Meg (*aside*). So, ye do know something about them diamonds, Murty McNabb.

Lanty. It's all very well for you to talk like that, but to one who has always been a friend to every one—except Murty McNabb there—its hard not to have one friend left.

Murty. Ye have me, Lanty.

Lanty. I don't want ye, ye thief of the world.

Pat (*aside*). Good for you, Lanty.

Gerald. I wish you every success, and if you want a friend call on me.

[*Shakes hands.*]

Lanty. Thank ye, Mr. Vaughan. This warm shake of the hand is like a new life to me. I wish all me old friends would shake hands with me just once, and then I'd have a lighter heart in my breast.

Pat. Lanty, ye've lost yer good name, and all the people

around here feel sorry for yer. Lanty, my boy, when yer old mother died, she asked me to be a father to yer, and I told her I would. For all these years I've tried my best. I've never seen ye do anything wrong, and I want ye to to tell me honest—did ye take them diamonds?

Lanty. Pat, ye've been a good friend to me all these years. Ye took me to Father Casey and tried yer best to make a good man of me; and many's the time I've stood forinst the old photograph ye have of my mother, and wished she could see how well you was keeping yer promise to her in looking after her boy. And, Pat, by the memory of that mother, I tell yer here now, man to man, I never took those diamonds.

Pat. I believe yer, my boy, I believe yer. [*Bus.*

Gerald. Lanty, take my advice now, and good luck to you, Come, Claire. [*Bus. of CLAIRE shaking hands with LANTY.*

Exeunt GERALD and CLAIRE, R. U. E.

Pat. Come, Arte. (*ARTE shakes hands.*) We'll go out on the lawn now and have another dance, and when Lanty can prove his innocence we'll all be glad to see him.

[**Exeunt** PAT and ARTE, ARTE last with business of fare-well, L. U. E.; LANTY up, looking after them.

Richard (*looking up from paper*). Curse him! My plans seem to be slipping right from beneath my feet. I must get him away from here.

Meg (*aside to MURTY*). Ye know where them diamonds are, Murty.

Murty. I don't. I—I——

Meg. There, I know all about them. Come to me cabin at eight to-night. Ye'll know no harum. (*Going.*) If ye don't come, I'll find out yer secret and tell it to the world.

[**Exit** L. I E. MURTY looks after her and then comes up and joins RICHARD at table.

Lanty (*up C.*). There they go. Well, well, I'll go down the road. Oho, there's a pretty pair to draw to. Ye'd win the pot if yer didn't better the hand in the draw. I wonder could they know anything about them diamonds. I'll keep me eye on them, and if I find it out, there'll be two strange faces in—heaven.

[**Exit** R. U. E.

Re-enters R. I E., and gets under table R., unobserved. The table is close to wing.

Richard. Is everything all right?

Murty. It is. I have them hid safe.

Enter ARTE, L. U. E., and overhears.

Richard. Be here with them at nine to-night.

Murty. I'll be on hand, never fear. I'll go down and have a look at them now.

[**Exit** R. I E.

Arte. I wonder what they're talking about now ?

Richard. So much for—— (*Turns and sees ARTE.*) Ah, my dear Miss O'Connell, you're looking as bright as ever.

Arte. Am I, though ? Well, it's no thanks to you that I am.

Richard. Come, let us be friends, at least.

Arte. No ; there goes the only kind of friends you deserve—Murty McNabb.

Richard (*aside*). Could she have heard anything. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Murty is a good fellow, and I wish to help him along a little.

Arte. Well, ye can do as you please wid him, but I don't want ye to help me at all.

Richard. Don't you see plainly that I love you ?

Arte. Don't you see plainly that I *don't* love you ?

Richard (*aside*). It's plain there's nothing to be gained as long as Lanty McNally is around. (*Aloud.*) Miss O'Connell, I'm sorry you and I cannot come to an understanding. I'll bid you good-day in hopes that when I see you again that Lanty McNally will be able to prove his innocence.

[Exit R. 1 E.

Arte. His innocence, is it ? Faith, and he will. I wonder where he is ? I must tell him about this meeting at nine o'clock.

Lanty (*bus. of going out and re-entering, L. 2 E.*). Don't go away.

Arte. I don't want to leave you, Lanty, but I promised the girls I would not speak to ye till ye could clear yer fair name. But I'm going to help ye do it, Lanty.

Lanty. And with your help, darlint, I'm sure to do it. But what puzzles me is what the divil became of those diamonds. I saw them in the case when I started, and when I got to the squire's they were gone.

Arte. Sure it's a mystery, anyhow ; but I heard them say they were going to meet here at nine o'clock.

Lanty. Then it's myself that'll make that meeting three handed.

Arte. Let me come with yer ; then we can play partners.

Lanty. Partners, is it ? Faith, and the best place for you is home in your bed.

Arte. Lanty, I don't think ye like me as much as ye used to.

Lanty. Like ye, darlint ? sure, and I do, but while this terrible charge in hanging over me, I have but one thought, and that is to find out who is to blame for it ; and when I do, I'll—I'll—well, I won't fall in love with them, that's certain.

Arte. Keep yer two eyes on Murty McNabb. I think he have something to do with it sure.

Lanty (*bus*). Arte, yer have more brains than the whole county put together. [*Laughter outside.*]

Arte. Here come the girls and boys. Go on, now; don't let them see ye. (*Bus.*) Go on, will yer? (*Bus.*) Will ye go?

Lanty. Of course I will. Blarney is an Irish decoction brewed in the old Emerald Isle, sweeter than mountain dew, and it's alway delivered along with a kiss. (*Kisses her.*) Ye didn't fool me that time. [*Exit R. I E.*]

Arte. Go long, ye blackguard. He fooled *me* that time. (*Loud laugh heard outside.*) Ah, here comes Pat. (*Enter PAT, L. U. E.*) What is the matter, Pat?

Pat. I tell you how it was, Arte. We were out on the green playing games, and we played "Down in the Well." Ye see one of the boys stands in the well, and the girls says, "Where are ye?" And he says, "I'm down in the well." Then the girls says, "How many feet deep are ye?" And the boy says, "Three or four feet." And then all the girls has to kiss him that many times. Well, it come my turn to be in the well, and when they asked me how deep—"Ten miles," sez I; and begorra, they all left me there to drown.

Arte. Serves ye right, Pat; ye had no right to be down so deep. [*Crosses to L.*]

Enter GERALD, MRS. L., and CLAIRE, R. U. E.

Mrs. L. It was impossible for me to pass the day without wishing you all a pleasant time at the fair.

Pat. Sure, it's yerself that has a big heart.

Mrs. L. After the fair is over, you may ask the boys and girls up to the manor, and have some cider on the lawn.

Pat. Look at that now.

Enter RICHARD and MURTY, R. I E.

Richard. Good-day, sister. Have you seen Lanty?

[*MURTY, R., RICHARD, R. C., MRS. L., C., GERALD and CLAIRE up L. C., PAT, L. C., ARTE, L.*]

Mrs. L. He is not here, is he, Pat?

Pat. Faith, and he's not.

Richard. I feel very sorry for the trouble he is in, and I wish to be his friend.

Arte. He don't want yer friendship.

Richard (*aside*). As spiteful as ever. (*Aloud.*) Well, he can accept it or not, as he chooses.

Mrs. L. Arte, you have been the little sunbeam of my life, but for your own good I should advise that you give up Lanty's friendship until he has cleared his name of this charge. (*Crosses to L. to ARTE. Enter LANTY, R. U. E. and comes down C.*) Lanty McNally, there is no one regrets more keenly than I do your

position in this matter, but I have just advised Arte that for her own good it is best that she avoid your company for the present.

[MURTY and RICHARD, R. ; LANTY, C., MRS. L., L. C., ARTE and PAT, L. ; GERALD and CLAIRE, *up stage*.

Richard (*aside*). Now's my chance to get him away. (*Aloud.*) Lanty, I want to be your friend. [Offers hand.

Lanty (*bus.*). I don't want ye.

Arte. Good for you !

Pat. Shut up, yer blackguard.

Richard. I wish to give you some money to leave the country and start life anew.

Lanty. I don't want any of your money ; it would burn the skin off my hands.

Arte. Hurrah !

Pat. Shut up, ye divil.

Richard. Think well of this matter. I'll give you fifty pounds, if you'll promise to leave here for good.

Lanty. I tell you once for all I don't want you or your money either.

Richard. Have a care ! You may regret this. Remember, you have nothing here—no money—no friends ; and with your good name gone, what have you got ?

Lanty. True for yer, I've got no money and no—(*bus.*) few friends ; and my good name is tarnished. But I've got a feeling in my heart that I've never done anything in all my life that would bring to my cheek the blush of shame—what have you got in yours ?

Richard. Enough of this ! Will you accept my offer or not ?

Lanty. No.

Pat. Hurrah !

Arte. Shut up !

Lanty. Accept this money, go away and leave my name in the keeping of such blackguards as you and Murty McNabb there ? No, Richard Livingston, I've made up my mind to stay here and get to the bottom of this affair, and when I do, the man that's guilty will wish he never was born. Are you that man ?

Richard. You dare ! (*Raises cane.*)

Lanty (*takes cane and breaks it*). If ye don't look out ye'll break yer cane.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene I.—OLD MEG'S *hut in two*. MEG'S *skirt, shawl and cap are hanging on flat*. *Small three-legged stool and table, R., with candle burning.*

LANTY *enters cautiously* D. *in F. at rise.*

Lanty. Meg—Meg! Where the divil is she, anyhow! Meg!—I guess she's out. I heard Murty McNabb promise to be here at eight o'clock. Meg! (*Looks off R.*) Ah, there she is, and drunk, I guess. Sure, she's snoring like a locomotive. I'll hide under the table while she's talking to Murty and hear what he says. Ah, I wonder would he know me. I'll try it, anyhow. (*Bus. of putting on MEG'S clothes.*) I hope Meg don't wake up. (*Bus. of pipe and stool.*) Sure I'm a witch now. (*Knock.*) There he is now. (*Bus. with stool; knock heard at D. in F.; business.*) Come in. (**Enter ARTE, D. in F.**) Begorra, it's Arte! I'm gone now.

Arte. I'm here as ye told me, Meg.

Lanty (*aside*). I didn't tell her to come here. (*Aloud, imitating MEG'S voice*) And what de ye want?

Arte. Didn't ye promise to tell me Lanty's fortune if I come to ye to-night?

Lanty. Oh, to be sure I did. Well, he's a very bad boy.

Arte. He's not.

Lanty. Faith, and I ought to know better than you. Keep still, will ye? He's in love with all the girls in Dunloe.

Arte. Is he? The blackguard!

Lanty. He is. He tells me all his business.

Arte. What does he say about me?

Lanty. Oh, nothing of any consequence.

Arte. And he knows I love him so.

Lanty. And do you love him, Arte?

Arte. Oh, Meg, of course I do. And can't ye make the stars tell you who stole the diamonds?

Lanty (*aside*). I don't know about the stars, but I'm going to try and make Murty McNabb tell me. (*Aloud.*) And what do you want to know who took them for?

Arte. I don't believe a word ye say about Lanty. I know he loves me.

Lanty (*aside*). Begorra, she's right.

Arte. And I want to help him clear this charge. So see can ye tell me who took them.

Lanty (*aside*). She want's to help me, the darlint! (*Aloud.*)

Arte, I can't tell ye anything about the diamonds now, but I'll tell ye all about them to-morrow (*aside*), if I know meself.

Arte. Meg, when ye see Lanty again, and he tells ye all his secrets, put in a good word for me, will you ?

Lanty. Divil a word ! Ye'll have to do it yerself. Why didn't ye speak to him at the fair to-day ?

Arte. Oh, Meg, it nearly broke my heart not to speak to him ; but I know he'll be able to prove his innocence before long, and then I'll hug him and kiss him all the time to make up for it.

Lanty (*aside*). Ye will that. (*Aloud.*) And do you really love him as much as that, Arte ?

Arte. I love him more than I can tell you, Meg ; and if he was here this minute, I'd put me arms around his neck and tell him so.

Lanty (*aside*). Begorra, she'll skin me alive when she finds out it's me. (*Knock at D. in F. ; in his natural voice*) Begorra, that's Murty.

Arte (*bus.*) That voice !

Lanty (*aside*). The cat's out now.

Arte. Is that you, Lanty McNally ?

Lanty. Sure, and it's no one else. But get out of here. Here comes Murty McNabb.

Arte. And ye let me tell you all about my love.

Lanty. We've no time to talk of that now. Get out of here now. (*Bus.*) No, Murty 'll see ye. (*Bus.*) Hold on—ye'll wake old Meg up. Here—get under the table.

Arte (*after bus.*). What for did ye let me tell yer all my secrets ?

Lanty. Hould yer whist, ye divil. (*Bus.*) Come in ! (*Bus.*) Shut up, ye blackguard. Come in ! (**Enter** MURTY, D. in F.) The top of the evening to yer, Murty.

Murty. What did ye want of me, Meg ?

Lanty. Sure, the spirits told me all about the diamonds.

Murty. They did !

Lanty. They did. They tell me everything. Now where did ye put them ?

Murty. I didn't take them.

Lanty. Then who did ?

Murty. I thought ye knew all about them ?

Lanty (*aside*). Begorra, he had me there. (*Aloud.*) So I do, and I want my share of them, Murty, or I'll go to the constable and tell him all about it.

Murty. Ye know nothing, Meg.

Lanty. I know all. Ain't ye to meet Mr. Livingston at nine o'clock at the Gap to-night ?

Murty. How did ye find that out ?

Lanty. The stars told me. Sure, I know all about it.

Murty. Then ye know it was Richard Livingston made me do it.

Lanty. Yes—yes !

Arte (*puts head out*). Oh, the villain !

Lanty (*aside*). Shut up ! Ye'll spoil it all. (*Aloud.*) Go on, Murty ; tell me all about it. What did ye do with them ?

Murty. I'll tell ye no more. When I get my money, I'll give ye five pounds, and that'll keep yer mouth close. Eh, Meg ?

Lanty (*aside*). I'd like to give him a pug in the eye. (*Aloud.*) And when will ye give me the five pounds ?

Murty. I'll bring it to ye to-night, as soon as I get it.

Lanty. Very well, Murty, don't forget poor old Meg, and she'll keep yer secret for yer.

Murty. All right, Meg. Yer a good soul ; I'll not forget ye. [Exit D. in F.

Lanty. Now, Richard Livingston, I'll attend to you.

Arte (*coming out*). Sure, Lanty, I knew ye were innocent all the time. [Bus.

Lanty. We've no time to lose now. I must be at the Gap before nine o'clock.

Arte. And I'll go with ye, Lanty.

Lanty. Very well, come quick. Begorra, I can't run in these. (*Bus.*) Come—come ! [Exeunt through D. in F. Change to

Scene II.—*Landscape in one.*

Lanty (*outside*). Howld on—howld on ! Do ye want me to break my neck ?

Enter LANTY and ARTE, L. I E.

Arte. Come on ! Ye'll never get there.

Lanty. I'm glad I don't wear these all the time.

Arte. Lanty, I have a plan. Let me put those on, and I'll keep Richard Livingston while you watch for Murty McNabb, and see can ye get the diamonds.

Lanty (*bus.*). Arte, ye have more brains than all Dunloe put together. Here ! (*Ad libitum business of changing clothes.*) There ye are, all right now.

Arte. Come, then, let's get there as soon as possible. Sure the people at home will think I'm dead.

Lanty. Dead, is it ? Sure, if they could see ye, they'd say ye were the liveliest corpse they ever saw.

[Exit R. I E. Change to

Scene III.—*The Gap of Dunloe. Full stage ; same as Scene II. Act II.*

Enter MURTY, R. U. E., *at rise.*

Murty. I wonder how Old Meg found out about them diamonds. Shure, she's in league with the devil I do be thinking. (*Takes out jewels.*) Oh, the beauties ! I hate to part with ye. (*Puts them back.*) Faith, and I won't either, unless the master gives me more nor fifty pounds. They're worth one hundred at least. I'll tell him I have them buried in the woods beyond, and I'll not tell him where unless he gives me at least one hundred pounds.

Enter RICHARD, R. U. E.

Richard. Ah, Murty, punctual, I see.

Murty. Yes, yer honor.

Richard (*aside*). I haven't the money with me, but if I once get the diamonds in my possession, I can defy him. (*Aloud.*) Have ye the diamonds ?

Murty. Not with me.

Richard. What do you mean ? Where are they ?

Murty. I have them hid in the woods beyond.

Richard. Go and get them at once.

Murty. Have ye the money with you ?

Richard. Oh, you'll find me a man of honor. Get the diamonds, and I'll give you your money.

Murty. The money's not enough.

Richard. Fifty pounds not enough ! Why, man, that's more money than you ever had in your life before.

Murty. Look here, Mr. Livingston, I've done all the dirty work in this matter, and I consider fifty pounds too small a reward. I want one hundred pounds.

Richard (*aside*). Curse him ! He has me in his power. Well, I may as well promise a hundred ; he'll get nothing once I lay my hands on those jewels. (*Aloud.*) Very well, Murty, you've done your work well, and I don't mind paying you well. Give me the jewels, and I'll give you a hundred-pound note.

Murty. I must have fifty now.

Richard. Not a farthing till I have the diamonds.

Murty. Then divil a one do ye get.

Richard. You villain ! If you play me false, I'll—

Murty. Don't lose yer temper. I want one hundred pounds for my share of this work—fifty pounds now, and fifty when I give the jewels. Sure, they're worth a thousand.

Richard. Go and get those diamonds, or by heaven I'll strangle the breath out of your worthless body. (*Bus.*)

Murty (*struggles*). Help ! help !

Enter ARTE, R. U. E.

Arte. What are ye doing with poor Murty ?

Murty. Old Meg !

Richard (*aside*). Go and get the jewels and I'll give you the money.

Murty. One hundred pounds ?

Richard. Yes ; I'll give it to you as soon as I get the diamonds.

Murty. Very well, but if ye play me false, ye'd best look out.

Richard. Go now. I'll get rid of Old Meg. (**Exit MURTY, L. 2 E.**) Ah, Meg, what brings you out this time of night ?

Arte. Sure, the stars towld me all about the diamonds, and I come down to get my share of the money.

Richard (*aside*). There's something wrong here. (*Aloud.*) Meg, you're dreaming. What diamonds ?

Arte. Didn't you have Murty steal the diamonds, and didn't he agree to give them to you here to-night at nine o'clock ?

Richard. Woman or devil ! Who are you ?

Arte. Only poor Old Meg Morgan, the witch of Dunloe.

Richard (*aside*). She appears to know all about this, who could have told her ? (*Aloud.*) Well, Meg, there's a five pound note ; go home and say nothing about the diamonds.

Arte (*natural voice*). I don't want your money, Richard Livingston.

Richard. Then you are——

Arte. Arte O'Connell. So ye did take them diamonds, eh ? And tried to fix the blame on poor Lanty McNally. Shame on ye !

Richard (*aside*). I must silence her till I can get a warrant for the arrest of Lanty ; with him out of the way, no one will believe her story against mine. (*Rushes at her.* **Enter LANTY disguised as MURTY, L. 2 E.**) Here, Murty, seize her. (*Bus.*) Now she's safe for a time at least. Have you the diamonds ?

Murty (*outside*). Mr. Livingston ! Mr. Livingston !

[*Runs on, L. 2 E.*

Richard. Murty McNabb ! By the powers, then who are you ?

Lanty. Lanty McNally !

[*Close in to*

Scene IV.—Landscape in one.

Enter ARTE, R. I E.

Arte (*laughing*). I never saw a man so scared in all my life as Richard Livingston. He just turned and ran as fast as his feet would carry him. " Why don't ye catch him, Lanty ? " sez I,

"What good will it do? I haven't the diamonds," sez he. "Go down to the glen and wait for me there, and I'll fill Murty up to the neck with whisky and try and get the diamonds. I'm sure he has them," sez he. "All right and good luck to you," sez I; and I left him there with Murty a-drowning their sorrows in whisky. I declare I'm so happy at the thought that Lanty will be able to prove his innocence, I could sing and dance all night. I think I'll try a short one while I'm waiting for him.
[Sings and exit R. I E.]

Enter LANTY and MURTY, L. I E.

Lanty. Come, Murty; have another drink. (*Bus. aside.*) I'll fill him so full his mother won't know him. Have another.
[*Bus.*

Murty. Lanty, my knees is getting weak.

Lanty. Then sit down there and rest yourself. (*Bus.*) If I could only get him to talk about the diamonds. Murty, avick, where did you put the diamonds?

Murty. Diamonds! I'm—I'm—listen, Lanty, I'll sing ye a song.
[*Bus. of singing.*

Lanty. It's a fine voice ye have, Murty. (*Aside.*) But ye have hard luck with the notes.

Murty. Yes, I have a good voice. All the girls used to be struck on my singing. They used to send me notes by the hundred.

Lanty. They did. Then why the divil didn't ye put a few of them notes in your voice. Have another drink.

Enter ARTE, R. I E.

Murty. Who's that?

Lanty. It's only Arte O'Connell.

Murty. You're a nice girl, Arte; I'd like to kiss you.

Lanty. Git out, ye——

Arte. Whist, Lanty; if ye make him mad, ye'll never get the secret from him. Let me kiss him.

Lanty. What!

Arte. Look out, ye have no sense. If I humor him, I may get him to speak. Get up, Murty. (*Bus.*) Do you want to kiss me, Murty?

Lanty. Look out, Arte, ye'll get poisoned.

[*Bus. of Scotch kiss. ARTE runs off, R. I E.*

Murty. Scotch! That's what I call a dirty Irish trick.

Lanty. Don't mind her, Murty; she's only fooling. Have another drink. (*Bus.*) Come, Murty, give me the diamonds, and I'll be the happiest man alive.

Murty. The diamonds! The ones I stole out of the case while he was reading the letter?

Lanty (*aside*.) Oh, the blackguard! (*Aloud*.) Yes; where are they?

Murty. I'm not going to tell yer. I have them safe.

Lanty. Yes, where?—where?

Murty. Where Lanty McNally will never find them.

Lanty. Lanty will never find them?

Murty. No, he'll never get them.

Lanty. Have another drink? (*Bus.*) Where have ye got them?

Murty. I've got them here. (*Bus.*) Wait till I show you how they sparkle. [*Takes out jewels.*]

Lanty. Give them to me, yer thievin' blackguard! Now, Richard Livingston, I have ye. Come, ye drunken thief.

[**Exit** L. I E. *Change to*

Scene V.—*The Grange, same as in Act I.*

GERALD, MRS. L. and CLAIRE *discovered at rise.*

Mrs. L. I wonder where Arte can be; it's past nine o'clock, and no sign of her anywhere.

Claire. Perhaps she's out looking for Lanty. Bless her heart, Lanty has a true friend in her.

Gerald. The more I think about this matter the more I think Lanty is innocent. If he was guilty, he wouldn't stay around here; and to-day when the girls refused to speak to him, I saw the tears come to his eyes, and that would not occur if he were guilty.

Mrs. L. Time will tell, Gerald; but don't you think yer had better walk down the lane and see if you can find any tidings of Arte?

Gerald. Yes, but before I go, I should like to tell you that Claire and I are going to be——

Mrs. L. Married? Well, I guessed as much a week ago. You have my best wishes for a long happy life [*Crosses to L. C.*]

Claire. Yes, Alice; and I'm so happy. And if only poor little Arte was but half so happy, I'd be perfectly satisfied. But go, Gerald, and see if you can find her. Get Pat to go with you.

Gerald. Very well. I'll not be gone long. [**Exit** C. D.]

Mrs. L. So, Claire, you and Gerald have made it all up between you, eh? Shall we go to the library and try over a few songs until Gerald returns?

Claire. Just as you say, Alice. [**Exeunt** CLAIRE and MRS. L., R. 2 E.]

Enter RICHARD, C. D.

Richard. Curses on Murty McNabb for a blundering fool!

I have a warrant here for Lanty's arrest which I procured from the Squire on my way up here ; and with him safely lodged in jail, I may yet be able to hoodwink them all. Alice put some money in this drawer this morning ; I may need that. (*Takes money.*) Now, Lanty McNally, I'll have every constable in Dunloe on your track with instructions to take you dead or alive. [*Goes up C.*]

Enter ARTE, C., followed by GERALD and PAT.

Arte. Ye'll find him alive, Richard Livingston.

Enter MRS. L. and CLAIRE, R. 2 E.

Richard (*aside*). I must use a little diplomacy here. (*Aloud.*) Ah ; been out for a moonlight ramble, Miss O'Connell ?

Arte. It's yourself that knows mighty well where I've been.

Richard. I ! Why, how should I know !

Arte. It's a wonder yer tongue don't stick to the roof of yer mouth, with all yer lies. Wasn't you down to the Gap at nine o'clock to-night to meet Murty McNabb ?

Richard. Why, certainly not. I was down at my kennels looking after the hounds. Who says I was at the Gap ?

Arte. I do.

Richard. I'm sorry to contradict you, Miss O'Connell, but you must be mistaken. Who is your witness ?

Enter LANTY and MURTY, C. D.

Lanty. The both of us.

Richard (*aside*). Curse him ! (*Aloud.*) Who will believe the word of a vagabond ?

Lanty. I don't ask ye to believe me, but here is the tool ye employed to do the dirty work, and then tried to beat him out of his promised reward. Speak, ye devil yer, or I'll break every bone in your body.

Murty. It's true. I stole the diamonds at his bidding, and tried to fix the blame on Lanty.

Richard. You lie !

Lanty. Well, if he does, the diamonds don't.

Richard. Enough of this. I have a warrant here for your arrest. You will have a chance to tell this network of lies at the proper time.

Gerald. Lanty, I am a magistrate, and I have the power to change the name in the warrant. Give it to me and then you can have that black-hearted villain arrested and placed in the cell he would have put you in.

Lanty. No, Mr. Vaughan. (*Tears warrant.*) When I was accused of the robbery yerself and Mrs. Livingston refused to

prosecute me, and shall I have less mercy than you? No! Richard Livingston, ye served me a mean trick, but I forgive yer. That is, I forgive ye for five minutes. Go—but if I meet yer around here again, there'll only be me left.

Richard. Well, I've lost. I suppose I'll have to make the most of it. I bid you all a kind good-night and good-bye.

[**Exit** C. D.]

Lanty. Don't mention it.

Murty. Where's my fifty pounds?

Lanty. Go after him and collect it.

[*Bus.* **Exit** MURTY, C. D.]

PAT.

ARTE.

To exit.

LANTY.

To exit.

MRS. L.

RICHARD.

MURTY.

GERALD.

CLAIR.

Claire (*crosses to* GERALD). And so the diamond mystery has been solved at last.

Mrs. L. Yes, and rid me of the presence of that man at the same time. Pat, you promised Lanty when he could prove his innocence you'd have a warm welcome for him. Have you got it?

Pat (*crosses to R. corner*). To be course I have; and it's so warm it's burning the heart out of me.

Arte. Go along, Pat. Ye were like me, ye never believed he took them at all, at all.

Lanty. Here's yer brooch, ma'am; and it's glad I am to be able to return them to ye. And now, Arte, do ye love me still?

Arte. Ye know better.

Lanty. Then ye can tell Father Casey that I'm going to work for some one steady, and we'll have him marry us to-morrow.

Claire. And who is the some one?

Lanty. Can ye ask me? Why, sure, it's my own little darlint, Arte O'Connell.

Arte. And how about the drinking?

Lanty. Well, tell him I'll still keep the thimble, and sure it's a good one.

Mrs. L. And now, Lanty, that the diamond brooch has cost you so much anxiety, I'll make it a wedding-present to Mrs. Lanty McNally.

Arte. Thank ye, Mrs. Livingston, and sure, Lanty, ye can have a pin made out of this loose one.

Lanty. No, darlint, keep thim all yourself. Sure, a diamond on Lanty McNally would be like a pink ribbon tied on the end of a pig's tail. And now that the dark cloud that hung over me head has turned and showed it's silver lining, in view of the troubles I've had, I'm sure no one will be jealous of (*leading ARTE forward*) "LANTY'S LUCK."

ARTE, LANTY,

MRS. L.,

CLAIRE,

PAT.

GERALD.

CURTAIN.



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ACT III.—Library at the Major's. Peggy and Ephraim compare notes. "I'd like jes' one slash at dat ole Dilworthy!" The Major explains. The examination. Taking testimony. "Stick to your story." Charlotte makes some remarks. "Hurrah for Ireland!" The clodhopper. Barney wants to fight. Ephraim and the "ghost." An unexpected arrival. "Dar's de ghost!" Cornered at last. A game of bluff. Mother Carew; A startling *denouement*. Vindication. Justice asserts herself. Reunited at last. *Finale*.

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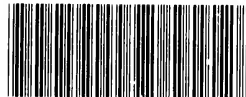
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